

[PRICE \$2½ PER MONTH.

HALL HON

Chairman and Manager, — MR. HARRY STANLEY.

FOR THREE NIGHTS ONLY,
COMMENCING
TO-MORROW EVENING, Sept. 29th,
THURSDAY, 30th, and SATURDAY, Oct. 2nd,
THE DIORAMA
OF THE AMERICAN WAR!!!
Under the Patronage of His Royal Highness
the DUKE of EDINBURGH, and their
Excellencies

Sir Frank Wadham	Governor of Bombay
Sir Drummond Jervis	Governor of Nova Scotia
Sir Benjamin Hall	Settlement
Sir Henry Barkly	Governor of Natal
R. Southey	Governor of Cape Colony
	Governor of Trinidad
	West
Lord Delmeux	Governor of New South Wales
Viccount Cardigan	Governor of Victoria

erguson Bower...Governor
18. Dr. Capf...Governor

Sir James Ferguson, Governor of Adelaide.
 Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, Governor of Mauritius.
 Hon. W. H. Gregory, Governor of Ceylon.
 The Honourable the President of the Orange Free State,
 and
 THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

PRICES OF ADMISSION :
 Front Seats \$2 00.
 Second Seats \$1 50.
 Children 50 Cts.

DESCRIPTIVE LECTURE.....Mr. J. O'BRIEN.
 Seats may be secured at Messrs. LANE,
 CRAWFORD & Co's, where a Plan of the
 Theatre may be seen.

Doors open at 8.30, commencing at 9 o'clock.
 1467, Hongkong, 23rd September, 1875.

STEAM TO YOKOHAMA.

"ORISSA."

will leave for the above place shortly after the arrival of the *Kashgar* with the next English Mail.

A. McIVER,
Superintendent.

P. & C. S. N. Co.'s Office,
Hongkong, 23th September, 1875. [1462]

STEAM TO SHANGHAI,
(Taking Cargo at through rates for NAGASAKI
and HIOGO.)

"KASHGAR,

will leave for the above place about 24 hours
after her arrival with the next English Mail.
A. McIVER, Superintendent.

P. & O. S. N. Co.'s Office,
Rangoon, 28th September, 1875. [1463]

FOR SWATOW, AMOY, AND FOOSHOW
THE Steamship
"KWANGTUNG,"
Captain Pitman, will be despatched for the
above Ports TO-MORROW, the 29th instant,
at 10 A.M.

For Freight or Passage, apply to
DOUGLAS LA PRACE & Co.
3d 1460 TONGKONG, 27th September, 1875.

PENANG.
British Steamer

"QUANG SE,"
Captain Holmes, will be despatched as above on
or about the 30th instant.
For Freight or Passage, apply to
GILMAN & Co.,
Agents.

SCOTTISH IMPERIAL
COMPANY

THE Undersigned, having been appointed Agent in Hongkong for the above-named Company, is prepared to **GRANT POLICE** against **FIRE** on Buildings and on Goods to the extent of \$10,000 at the lowest rates subject to an immediate discount of 20 %.

Attention is invited to a considerable reduction in premium for Life Insurance in China.

Life Policies effected during the year 1875 Share in the Bonus to be declared on 31st December for the quinquennial period then ending.

A. MACG. HEATON,
1465 Hongkong, 27th September, 1875.

NOTICE.

Consul de France à
... de France, connaît

tion aura lieu à Saigon, le 2 Novembre prochain pour fournaître de diverses denrées nécessaires à la Division Navale de l'Indo-Chine du 1^{er} Mai, 1876, au 30 Avril, 1879.

Le Cahier des charges est déposé à la Chancellerie du Consulat de France, 74 1459 Hongkong, le 26 Septembre, 1875.

Notices to Consignees.

NOTICE.

THE BRITISH BANK "JOHN C. MUNRO," FROM LONDON.

Yessel are requested to
ing to the Under

Cargo impeding the discharge of the Yessie will be loaded and stored at Consignee's risk and expense.

MEYER, SLABOY & CO.,
721466 Hongkong, 26th September, 1875.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

CONSIGNEES per Company's Steamship **CATACOLLES** are hereby notified that the cargo has been discharged into Crafts and will be loaded at Godowns of the Under-signed, in case they will lie at Consignee's risk. The cargo will be ready to deliver from Godowns on or after the 23rd inst.

Goods undelivered after 23rd inst. will be subject to Rent.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, AGENTS,
10, ROYAL EXCHANGE, 21st September, 1875.

ISH SHIP SOLE
DON.

CONSIGNEES of Cargo by the above named Vessels are requested to send in their Bill of Lading to the Undersigned for Counter signature, and to take immediate delivery of their Goods.

Cargo impeding the discharge of the Vessels will be landed and stored at Consignees' and expense.

ARNHOLD, KARBERG & Co
at 1341 Hongkong, 1st September, 1876.

COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES MARITIMES.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

CONSIGNEES of the following Cargo requested to send in their Bills of Lading to the undersigned for counter signature, and to take immediate delivery of their Goods, and to be landed at their risk and expence.

No fire insurance has been effected.

C. BERTRAND,
Agent, Canton.

Es S.S. "Djemah," 18th September, 1876
F.V. No. 22 25 19 cases Sundries, from

30/38
40/45

Agent. Sundry marks, 782 bales Cotton, from Ma
Hongkong, 27th September, 1875.

Extracts.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

With eyes of dew and plumes of flame,
New-born, immortal, strong and fair;
His feet are shrouded like the dead,
But in his face a wild desire
Breaks like the dawn and drenches red,
And like a rose.

The stars shine out above his path,
What mortal such a triumph hath,
By death vain from place,
What earthly hands and feet are pure
As this man's, whose unshrinking eyes
Gaze onward through the deep obscure,
Nor quit to rise.

Al! this time he who drank the foam
Of wisdom and in apocryphal things,
Who, patient, watched the day-star mount,
And hearted himself to the light,
Whose will was whosoever's light.

For poor dumb lips had sought for him,
And children's drawings ran in time,
And strange old heroes, word and dim,
Walked by his side.

The very shadows of his life
And dimmed and flickered in the moon,
And let him wondrous tales to tell
Men could not rise.

And now no more he smiles and walks
Through greenwood alleys full of sun,
And, as he wanders, turns and talks,
Though none be there;
The children's voices heard with pain
And heard with glad, young again
Glides upward through
Weep not, but watch the moonlight air!

Perchance a glory like a dreamy;
May leave what things about him there,
And flash on us!

Behold! the void is full of light,
The beams pierce heaven from bar to bar,
And all the hollows of the night
Grow luminous!

—EDMUND W. GOSSE.

"Death is the most certain messenger after
all, in spite of his various occupations."—Hans
Christian Andersen.

Another of the local legends
Has found its place in the sky,
And with his own and kindred
Has turned upon the coming light
Of that which teaches men to die;
And now, when the light is so bright,
Of all he had, a laugh, and sigh,
Have turned to give except good-bye.

For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

Good-bye, then, kindly-hearted one,
Farewell for all the years to come,
Wherein thy worthy work was done,
That brought thee to the end of time,
For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

The little town of Odesa
Will weep his death as never before,
And all who loved his kindred
Will lack the words which were his;
How much they feel their lives are less;
The children, when they hear his name,
Will miss the gentle hand which led,
And the sweet life that's past away.

For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

Now must they face, with eyes grown wet,
A story-teller's grave to see,
For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

Unto the land of memory,
Where all things have gone and go,
Hast thou gone, O Hans, to see
Of last year's winter? Where most we
Look for the dream of night-time? So
Thy life is gone, thy work shall be
A gift, a goodly treasure,
Unto the years men yet shall see.

For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

MOCK GRANDES.

The lyre of ostentation seems to be in-
nate in the Englishman of to-day. Just as
women of a certain sort will harter away
everything that they should hold precious,
in order that they may be arrayed in silks
and gorgeous jewellery, and that they may
ride about in carriages and nurse-pods,
so will many men sacrifice their peace of
mind and their honour, so that they may be
enabled to make a great dash in the world.

Were this not so there would, probably, be
no ship sinks, no promoters of bubble com-
panies, no agents willing to travel with
creditors out of nineteen shillings and six-
pence in the pound, and no employers ready
to grind the souls out of their servants, and
to give the miserable wretches a beggarly
pittance just to keep them from starving.

But it is as there are desperate and unscrupu-
lous men who are prepared to do this and a
great deal more, even by so acting
they run a very great chance of losing their
reputations to such an extent that their
names will stink in the nostrils of honest
men. At the present moment there are
thousands of men living who are literally
standing on a mine which may explode at any
moment and annihilate them into smithereens.

Their sole end and aim appears to be to
permeate their neighbours with their riches,
wiles, as a matter of fact, if their affairs were
carefully and accurately introduced into,
it would be found that they do not possess a
single copper which they are fairly entitled
to call their own; that, indeed, they are
burdened by a load of debt, which, by fair
means, they can never hope to rid themselves
of. They compare with the name of money,
they persuade others that they are rich by
their display and, their impudent self-
assertion. They live in fine houses, they
keep sleek horses and a tribe of insolent servants;
they clothe themselves and their belongings
in purple and fine linen, and they fritter
away money which it must be distinctly
asserted, is not their own, in hundreds of
ways which folly, vanity, and policy dictate.

Sometimes they keep aloof for a considerable
period at a ruinous cost to those with whom
they do business; often they finance—often
we do not write often for the terms are
almost synonymous—so cleverly that for
years they may be literally said to live on
their debts. But in many cases the grand
crash is bound to come sooner or later.
Invariably it is preceded by ominous
signs. When the affairs of the Mock
Grandee have reached such a pass that
he can no longer "finance" to his satisfac-
tion, that he may no longer live on the
strength of his own and other men's credit,
he has a difficulty in getting their bills
settled and—worse—worse—are not paid
as soon as they are due. At this, unless
the Mock Grandee can, by some exceptionally
clever bit of commercial thimble-rigging,
once more raise the wind, things become
worse and worse. The creditors and servants
begin to talk, and the latter look out for
fresh funds. Yet the Grandee and his family
solemnly keep up appearances to the last.
With dishonourable beggary staring them
in the face they desperately pretend that
they are rich and would become contaminated
if they mixed with the common herd. Mrs.

Mock Grandee still buys handsome dresses
for herself and children—on credit. Mr.
Mock Grandee still gives grand dinner parties
to men whom he hates and to men whom he
hates to please; he still visits the opera,
Grandee still maintains the character of exqui-
site, and indulges in dubious and very ex-
pensive pleasures; and the whole Mock Grandee
brood continue to turn up their noses in con-
tempt at the miserable Browns, Joneses, and
Robinsons, who are audacious enough to
come between the wind and their nobility.
Those who are permitted to gaze behind the
scenes, however, are aware that things are
not so satisfactory as they seem to those who
only see the magnificent Mock Grandees when
they are abroad. Papa Mock Grandee snaps
and snarls at those of his family who venture
to approach him with requests that he will
republish their empty purses. Mama Mock
Grandee, who is not so far from the truth as
she is wanted, while the Young Mock Grandee
is in a continual state of passion because
his father has not a bottomless purse. Servants
notice all the miserable wrangling that is
carried on, and, knowing the cause thereof,
draw their own conclusions. Such conclu-
sions, it may be said, are not favourable to
the tribe of dishonest snobs whom they serve.
Perhaps, however, some of the best of the
servants do pity the master who is loaded
with abuse because he cannot do impossi-
bilities.

When the Mock Grandee comes to smother
those who have partaken of his hospitality
and—worse—worse—have done him wrong,
Others pity him, and do not hesitate
to say so. Many think it melancholy that
his fine house, his grand furniture, his costly
pictures, his valuable horses, his handsome
carriages, and his other belongings have been
taken from him. They forget that these things
have never been truly his, although he
has enjoyed them, and has known better
many of his fellows upon the strength of
them; they forget that he has been a gigantic
fraud upon the public; and they forget or
condone many of the unscrupulous acts of
which he has been guilty. More than this,
they consider it very hard that the man who
has revealed in his life every kind of sin
worthy to condemn him, should be allowed to
live in all this that they are so foolishly sentimental,
and it would be well if they thought of those
who have had to eat dry crusts in order that
the Mock Grandee might sip turtle soup;
and it would be well if they also re-
membered that many defenceless people's
lives have been darkened through his
guilt. For he is dead, the master, dead,
for he is dead, the master, dead, for he is
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master, dead.

Good-bye, then, kindly-hearted one,
Farewell for all the years to come,
Wherein thy worthy work was done,
That brought thee to the end of time,
For he is dead, the master, dead,
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THE MEDITERRANEAN OF JAPAN.

In the far East lying between the islands
which compose the Empire of Japan, a
strange and mysterious realm but recently
explored and introduced into the circle of
nations by the greed or enterprise of Western
commerce—there abides a flow and sparkle,
with a gorgeous beauty truly Oriental, a fair
Mediterranean, known as the Seto Uchi, or
Inland Sea. Though smaller by far than its
sister in the West, it has many physical
characteristics much more striking.

It abounds in harbours, bays, and anchorages,
deep channels, and sheltering islands. It
basks in a climate almost perfect in its
serenity and freedom from extremes. The
warrior fresh from the chilly spring-time
and ungenerous summer of our own islands
finds its waters in June with a cloudless
sky.

"Beneath a roof of blue looms weather,"
unprotected by awnings and fleeciness of the
sun, which, at the same season, off the
Spanish or Italian coasts, beats down on those
who sail beneath it with an insupportable
and even deadly fierceness. Here are no
tideless waters, a strong ebb and flow running
to and fro between fairy islets, and round
verdant capes with almost boundless fury,
pursuing and freshening inland with an
indus from the wide Pacific Ocean without.

Remarkably free from storms and rain, the
fastest fishing-boat is pushed fearlessly out
to the mid waters of its widest parts. No
tempestuous waves across it to render life scarcely
worth having throughout the length of many
an autumn day. In the weather the bosom
of the sea does not undulate suffi-
ciently to rock even the smallest boat; yet
there is no lack of breeze. It should be
the very paradise of pleasure-seekers. The
scenery is truly lovely: a Devon foreground
set in a background of the Alps. Lefty
mountains bound the landscape. In sum-
mer, light, fleecy clouds hover about the
higher slopes; while through dips in the
steeply rising of heights, gleams are caught
of still higher peaks beyond bathed in a
haze, or dissolving into the misty distance.

Fronting the water are pine-clad hills, with
the varied and fantastic outline natural to
a volcanic region. Their sides are sown
with valleys, in which nestle pleasant villages
half hid in the variegated foliage of shady
trees. They compare with the name of money,
they persuade others that they are rich by
their display and, their impudent self-
assertion. They live in fine houses, they
keep sleek horses and a tribe of insolent servants;
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and ungenerous summer of our own islands
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scenery is truly lovely: a Devon foreground
set in a background of the Alps. Lefty
mountains bound the landscape. In sum-
mer, light, fleecy clouds hover about the
higher slopes; while through dips in the
steeply rising of heights, gleams are caught
of still higher peaks beyond bathed in a
haze, or dissolving into the misty distance.

OLD BOSSES.

It is not possible to produce a "mania" for
collecting and cultivating the good old roses,
and the roses are the most beautiful of the
flowers of the year. We have been brushing
about in floriculture for the past half century
or more, looking more for "new things"
than for intrinsic worth, and it is time that
somebody started the fashion of gathering
the old and good, placing upon them a new
valuation. Every autumn, when the old
"rose" comes into bloom, I am re-
minded of the good things left behind in
the room for novelties in other classes. The old
roses of thirty and fifty years ago have not
been surpassed by any later introduction.
The old single French crimson still furnishes
as pretty buds as the newest perpetual roses,
and who wants a rose except when it is
buds? The old created Provence has never
yet had a rival, but stands alone the very
queen of its species. And as I look over the
old sorts, like George the Fourth, with deep
crimson petals, or La Tourterelle, Madame
Hardy, Persian Yellow, and similar kinds, I
begin to find myself wishing for more of the
roses of the past, and the descriptions given,
as far superior to those old and still man-
aged favourites. A sight of the old Cab-
bage Rose, Village Maid, and White Bath
would let him gathering old coins from the
ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii. The
Garden.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GIFT TO AN AMERICAN LADY.

Queen Victoria has presented to Mrs. Dr.
Samuel Tredwell, of Mineola, I. T., a half
length portrait of herself enclosed in a bronze
frame, with bronze doors finely wrought,
bearing the words: "In recognition of the
gift by Mrs. Tredwell of an old family letter
dated 1774, in which an interesting
description of the children of George III.
written by their governess, Miss Pianta."
Mrs. Tredwell, who is the widow of Dr.
Tredwell, of Mineola, who died in 1873, found
among her husband's papers a letter written
from Philadelphia in 1774 by Mrs. Mary
Campbell to her daughter, Mrs. Rebecca
Frazier, in which Mrs. Campbell copied a
letter from Miss Pianta, who was then ge-
verness in the family of George III., describ-
ing the royal children under her care. The
letter begins, "My dear Rebecca: I know
you love the King." It contains a simple
personal description of the six boys and three
girls in King George's family, all of them
being praised for beauty and piety. It
also contains a letter to the same effect, dated
last fall, and this spring received a reply,
dated Buckingham Palace, returning thanks
for the letter, and advising her of the pre-
sent of the framed photograph, which was
sent through the British Legation at
Washington.—N. Y. Sun.

HEAVEN-MADE MARRIAGES.

"Marriages are made in heaven," says
the old proverb. "Well, if so," remarks a crusty
friend of ours, who had no experience of
connubial bliss, they are actually married in
heaven. Now we take it as a rule
that any one who marries is married in
heaven. But after all, our friend, though he thinks
with Saint—his fine judge he must have been,
forsooth!—Francis de Sales, that marriage is
a needless mortification, does not impugn
Providence for this, but lays the fault upon
the earthly transients. This, then, is the
basis of the matter, and it is a rule
old saying which tells those who have entered
into matrimony. "If marriages are made
in heaven, you had better friends there."

Certainly, when we look at the dark side
of wedlock, and note what vile motives are
frequently at work to bring it about, and the
miseries which often result from it, we might
justly come to the conclusion that a
diabolical, not a heavenly, agent had been at
work. Even common opinion, as expressed in
proverbs, does not allow that every unhappy
knot is first tied above; for it has declared
that "the marriage of a young woman and an
old man is of God's making; of an old man
with a young woman of our Lady's."

But, after all, our friend, though he thinks
with Saint—his fine judge he must have been,
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Certainly, when we look at the dark side
of wedlock, and note what vile motives are
frequently at work to bring it about, and the
miseries which often result from it, we might
justly come to the conclusion that a
diabolical, not a heavenly, agent had been at
work. Even common opinion, as expressed in
proverbs, does not allow that every unhappy
knot is first tied above; for it has declared
that "the marriage of a young woman and an
old man is of God's making; of an old man
with a young woman of our Lady's."

But, after all, our friend, though he thinks
with Saint—his fine judge he must have been,
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Insurances.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE
INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER
OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FIRST
A.D. 1720.

THE undersigned having been appointed
Agents for the above Corporation, are
prepared to grant insurances as follows—
Policies at current rates, payable either here
in London, or at the principal Ports of India,
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